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## A SECRET OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

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A CABLE message from Brisbane published towards the end of July this year announced the proclamation of a British protectorate over the Pacific group known as the Solomon Islands. Thereby hangs a tale, and not the least singular of the many romances of real life that are associated with the early history of Australia. It is the story of one of the most colossal speculators of the nineteenth century, and of his unwitnessed, but, there is every reason to conclude, horrible fate. His name was Benjamin Boyd, and he was born about 1796, the son of Edward Boyd, of Merton Hall, Wigtown, a member of an old Scottish family. He claimed to be a direct descendant of a brother of the Thomas Boyd who was the ancestor of the Earls of Kilmarnock. For some years he carried on business in London as a stockbroker; and in the year 1840, being then in his forty-fourth year, Ben Boyd—to give him his familiar colonial designation—arrived at the antipodes in the capacity of managing director of a new financial institution called the Royal Banking Company of Australia, but which was in reality a syndicate of Scotch and English speculators, who had convinced themselves that huge fortunes for each and all were to be made in a few years by large and judicious investments in Australian land. As a matter of subsequent history, they were perfectly right in their calculations; but the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip came in the collapse of their trusted colonial agent (Mr Boyd) when they were all on the eve of becoming millionaires. Had they been able to hold on to their investments until the gold discoveries had sent up the value of Australian land a hundred, and even a thousand fold, they would have rejoiced in the title of lucky speculators; but the fickle goddess decided against them. They not only lost most of their original capital, but they had the added mortification of seeing others reaping the golden harvests that they had sown.

But I am anticipating the course of events. From the nature and constitution of the Royal Banking Company of Australia—a syndicate of British speculators with no practical knowledge of the colonies, and only anxious to acquire wealth without working for it—it is obvious that Mr Boyd, the managing director, and the man on the spot, could do what he pleased with the subscribed capital of the organisation. There was practically no check whatever upon his operations. Finding himself virtually uncontrolled, and with large financial resources to draw upon, he lost no time in either purchasing or leasing from the State immense areas of land in New South Wales and the districts that have since become the separate colonies of Victoria and Queensland. These he stocked with sheep and cattle; and he thus rapidly blossomed into one of the most enterprising of pioneer 'squatters.' As a further outlet for his superfluous energies, he organised a fleet of whalers, with which he pursued and captured the leviathans of the deep, that were then pretty numerous in the Australian seas, but have since been mostly scared away in the direction of the South Pole.

As a headquarters for his whaling industry, as well as a port of accommodation for his numerous squatting stations in the south of New South Wales, he resolved to build a town on the southern shore of Twofold Bay. In the establishment of this town, which he named after himself, he sank thousands of pounds; and it proved the most disastrous of all his speculations. It involved him in a long and ruinous conflict with the New South Wales Government, who were sensible of the great future importance of Twofold Bay as the one safe and commodious harbour between Sydney and Melbourne. They accordingly proclaimed a Government town on the northern side of the bay, and christened it Eden, which paradisiacal title it bears to this day. The fight for supremacy between these two towns was fierce and vigorous in the extreme. Eden of course was pushed ahead by all the motive-power of Government patronage and State

expenditure; while Boydtown was built up into prominence and seeming prosperity by the capital of the confiding shareholders of the Royal Banking Company. It was probably to keep these latter in good humour that a most attractive and reassuring picture of Boydtown found its way into an early number of the 'Illustrated London News.' Amongst his other varied accomplishments Mr Boyd must have thoroughly mastered the art and practice of 'booming,' for in a voluminous 'Gazetteer of New South Wales' brought out in 1848 in London and Sydney by the Government Surveyor of the colony, there are actually more than twenty pages devoted to a most eulogistic description of Boydtown; while the rival Government town of Eden is dismissed in a dozen lines. He must have been a smart man who accomplished that feat. There are besides in the Gazetteer two steel engravings illustrative of Boydtown in the heyday of its brief prosperity, one showing a number of whales being harpooned in the harbour, and the other exhibiting Boydtown as apparently the most solid, substantial, and progressive of budding cities.

Alas for the gorgeous dreams of its enterprising founder! Boydtown has been defunct for close on forty years, although I am aware that it still retains a ghostly existence on most maps of Australia issued in Great Britain. Geographers, or, to be more specific, map-producers are one of the most conservative races under the sun. Once a town gets upon a map, it has got to stay there apparently, and the fact that it has vanished off the face of the earth is a matter of no consequence. It so happens that I have wandered amongst the ruins of Boydtown, and I can certify in the presence of Messrs Stanford, Keith-Johnston, Bartholomew, and all the other geographers, that they have been unconsciously for many years perpetuating a little fib. Boydtown is now, and has long been, a deserted and almost lifeless collection of magnificent ruins—all that is left to represent many thousands of good British money.

Boydtown is associated with my first experience as a special correspondent. It was soon after I joined the 'Melbourne Argus' that a large steamer called the 'Balclutha' disappeared in a furious gale between Melbourne and Sydney. Government steamers promptly started from each of these capitals—the 'Despatch' from the former, and the 'Captain Cook' from the latter. I was on board the 'Despatch' as the representative of the 'Argus.' We searched all along the coast until we arrived off Twofold Bay, where we fell in with the 'Captain Cook.' Neither had discovered a solitary trace of the missing steamer, nor was any evidence of her fate ever afterwards elicited. Both the 'Despatch' and the 'Captain Cook' steamed up Twofold Bay to Eden, where we all went ashore and telegraphed reports to our principals. We remained off Eden for a day to await further instructions. I availed myself of this opportunity to go round the head of the bay to the ruins of Boydtown, and see all that was to be seen of the vanished glories of the most daring and colossal of colonial speculators. I surveyed the silent walls of the towering, magnificent, but now empty abode that Mr Boyd had built and destined for

himself, where he would reign as *de facto* Governor of all the southern district, and from which he could exercise sway and influence over a country larger than France. I strolled over the monster hotel he had erected for the accommodation of the host of visitors and intending settlers that he fondly anticipated would arrive in regular batches when the name and fame of Boydtown, and the province of which it was the predicted capital, became known all over the English-speaking world. I wandered alone through the grass-grown streets by roofless cottages and past gigantic warehouses and factories that, even in their decay and abandonment, told of the phenomenal, if fleeting, prosperity of the place, and compelled a silent tribute of admiration for the luckless adventurer who could conceive and execute such titanic and far-reaching schemes. I walked along the rotting wharfs and jetties, once all life and activity with the loading and discharging of ships, now without a solitary vessel moored to their worm-eaten sides. I climbed up the headland, on the highest point of which there stood the towering white-stone lighthouse that never was a lighthouse, for, after erecting it at an immense cost, Mr Boyd found that the Government had power to prevent him from ever exhibiting a light from its summit. And I came away from all these melancholy survivals of one man's mad ambition, unbridled speculation, and evanescent glory, with the philosophical reflection that, even in a young country like Australia there is abundant material for moralising on the vanity of human wishes.

'But what has all this got to do with the Solomon Islands?' I fancy I hear the reader exclaiming. Well, I am going to establish the connection now. It was necessary to give some account of the comet-like career of this extraordinary character, in order to understand and to appreciate the appalling fate that was so soon to overtake him at the hands of the Solomon Islanders. As time went on, and as the promised dividends failed repeatedly to be forthcoming, the British shareholders naturally became dissatisfied, and at last burst forth into loud murmurs against their local managing director. They demanded some more substantial return for their money than pretty pictures of Boydtown in the 'Illustrated London News,' glowing accounts of the hundreds of thousands of acres they owned, covered with multitudinous flocks and herds, and the fleets of whale-ships they possessed all over the southern seas. Boyd, besides, had 381,000 acres of land, which were his own property. Had the shareholders been patient a little longer, they would really have become, in the language of the Adelphi hero, 'rich beyond the dreams of avarice;' but by insisting on a change of management, they deprived themselves of all the enormous added value to their properties that the opening-up of the Australian gold-fields conferred, and virtually wrecked the gigantic and far-reaching enterprises that Boyd had built up with their and his money. The upshot of the negotiations was that Boyd agreed to retire and resign all claims on the syndicate in consideration of his receiving three of the whale-ships, his yacht the 'Wanderer,' and two sections of land around Boydtown. On his retirement, the vast Australian properties he had acquired soon fell into the

English Court of Chancery, and were disposed of in London at prices that represented only a fractional part of their value twelve months afterwards. The shareholders had to make good a deficit of £80,000.

Having been thus compulsorily relieved of all cares and responsibilities in connection with the Royal Banking Company of Australia, this mercurial and most sanguine of speculators light-heartedly went on board the 'Wanderer,' and careered across the Pacific on a visit to the newly-discovered gold-fields of California. According to the popular novelist, Rolf Boldrewood, who was acquainted with Boyd and the 'Wanderer,' the latter belonged to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was a handsome topsail schooner of two hundred and forty tons register, fitted up with great elegance, and well armed. 'She might have passed for the model of one of Tom Cringle's fascinating privateers.' It was on June 3, 1851, that the 'Wanderer' steamed through the Golden Gate of San Francisco on the return voyage to Australia. On October 14 she found herself becalmed off Guadalcanar, one of the Solomon Islands. A book that is now exceedingly rare, 'The Last Cruise of the Wanderer,' thus pictures the scene: 'How can I describe the beauty of the scene now presented to us? The lofty hills crowned with forest cast a deep shadow across the little bay. Canoes were skimming and glancing through the calm water. The wild natives shouted, whether in welcome or otherwise, we could not say. Mr Boyd never appeared in better spirits, walking up and down the deck exclaiming: "Is not this delightful?" Intending to have a day's shooting on the morrow, we had our guns cleaned in readiness for the morning's sport.' Then, under date October 15, the diarist of the cruise continues: 'Having been on watch during the night, I did not rise as early as I intended. On reaching deck I perceived that Mr Boyd had anticipated me, and was half-way between the schooner and the shore. I hailed him. He said he should be on board to breakfast, and bring off some game for dinner. These were the last recorded words ever uttered by him. He was accompanied by Kapartania, a native of Panapa, who sculled the boat. We saw them enter the creek and disappear round a bend of the stream. We heard two shots at intervals of a quarter of an hour, of which at the time we took no notice.' But suddenly a number of canoes filled with evidently hostile savages put off from the shore towards the yacht. What followed is thus described:

'Suddenly a cry arose from the water—a cry, which, once heard, could never be forgotten. It was as if a host of demons had suddenly been let loose. The air resounded with their yells and the sullen roaring of war-conches. A shower of spears and arrows with other missiles came hurtling among us. Sheltering ourselves behind the bulwark till the first storm passed, we fired into the canoes with deadly effect. Many were shot down before they were driven from the after-part of the vessel's side. On they came again, and were rapidly driving our crew aft, their boarding-pikes being opposed by the wicker-work shields with which the natives defended themselves. However, these proved of no avail against the white man's fire. Our crew made a charge and cleared the decks, despatching the

wounded and throwing them overboard. Then we brought a two-pounder swivel gun, loaded with grape, to bear upon the canoes. This decided the battle. Thoughts of poor Boyd crossed my mind often during the conflict. None of us now doubted but that he had been cruelly murdered, the last report of his gun probably preceding his death. The poor lad with him could offer no resistance, as he was unarmed. The defeated savages retreated about a hundred yards, huddled together in the greatest confusion. We ran out our deck guns and opened upon them with grape. We could hear the iron hail crashing through the canoes, when all made instant retreat for the shore. The majority of the canoes, in consequence of our continued fire, were left on the beach, the natives escaping to the woods, carrying their dead and wounded. One native was seen running along the beach with Mr Boyd's hat on.'

For several days in succession the officers and crew of the 'Wanderer' searched all over the island for traces of their unfortunate chief, but all in vain. They discovered nothing but the sword-belt which he had on when he left the vessel on the fatal morning. They found it amidst ominous surroundings—in a stranded canoe filled with water and blood. More than forty years have passed, and during all that time not the slightest scrap of evidence has been forthcoming as to the manner in which this bold, adventurous, and remarkable celebrity vanished beyond mortal ken. But as the Solomon Islanders were then, and to no small extent still are, amongst the most notorious cannibals of the Pacific, it is to be feared that the official placing of the group under the protection of Her Majesty will not appreciably contribute to the solution of the mystery.

By a sad and striking coincidence, the day on which Ben Boyd vanished into the unknown was actually the day preceding the first authoritative publication of the news of the gold discovery in Australia, a discovery that was destined to add immensely to the value of the vast areas he had acquired when he was the Napoleonic managing director of the Royal Banking Company. 'What an ironic stroke of fate,' exclaims Rolf Boldrewood, 'that the doomed "Wanderer" should be on her way to Australia in the month of the year 1851 when her owner would have heard of the wondrous gold discovery by which his vast properties, with his increasing flocks and herds, were quintupled, yea, advanced tenfold in value—that, while on his way to the golden land to hear of marvels worthy to be ranked with the tales of Scheherazade, with Sindbad and the valley of diamonds, he should have gone ashore at a fateful isle in the South Seas to shoot a few pigeons and return for breakfast, and—never to be seen again.'

There is a portrait of Boyd in the British Museum, taken in Sydney in 1848, when he was at the zenith of his Australian pride, power, and magnificence as the largest 'squatter' or pastoral prince in the southern hemisphere. Beyond a general suggestion of shrewdness and solidity, there is nothing strikingly Scotch in the face, which on the whole conveys an impression of kindness, thoughtfulness, and benevolence. The eyes are somewhat keen and penetrating—an

index, no doubt, to the character of the cool, far-seeing speculator. The forehead is high and massive, and the head is crowned with masses of curly hair. Altogether, the features are decidedly pleasing, and even prepossessing.

# POMONA.\*

## CHAPTER VIII.

And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,  
Nor bad farewell, but sadly rode away.  
This was the one discourtesy that he used.

TENNYSON.

It was very wet the following morning; the rain came down in torrents, swelling the brook that ran down the side of Scar Street, till it became quite an important-looking stream, and whirled away the cabbage stalks and lobster shells, as if it would not stand any nonsense or stick at trifles.

Nigel had a sore heel, contracted during some of his breakneck climbs on the Landslip; but this did not signify, as jam-making was the order of the day, and for that occupation you can shuffle about comfortably in one of Mrs Rockett's old slippers, and can cross the road when necessary on Dennis's back.

Sage did not mind the rain either; she would have been equally serenely happy if the sun had shone, which would have meant a long morning on the cliff or shore or in a boat on the shining blue sea, always in that company that made sunshine quite independent of the capricious luminary overhead. But as it rained, it would be almost more delightful to spend the time in the studio with the painter working at his canvas, so absorbed sometimes in his work that he was unconscious of the presence of others, who in their turn became unconscious of him, and wandered away into that solitude à deux which is so blissful.

'What are you smiling at?' Kitty asked suddenly, looking up from weighing the blackberries with much-stained fingers.

And Sage flushed up all over her face and delicate neck, for she was smiling at the anticipation of the brisk step that was sure to sound in a few minutes down the street, and the figure that would fill the low doorway, obstructing the light that found its way mainly into the room by the door; and the cheerful, pleasant voice that would convey a peremptory message from the painter to come and cheer his loneliness, as he was bored to death with Maurice's company.

Sage had helped Mrs Rockett to wash up the breakfast things, after which that lady had gone stumping across to the 'Black Dog,' with her skirts tucked up abnormally high, and children and blackberries following close at her heels; so Sage was left alone in the little kitchen with the big eight-day clock in the corner tick-tocking away, an hour and a half slow, and the drip-drip of the rain from the eaves.

Sage got out a little sketch and began touching

it up, not improving it very much, I fancy, for it was only done from the wish to appear occupied when that step should come down the street, so that she might not seem to be listening and expecting with every fibre of her body.

'I say, Sage,' cried Nigel, entering, 'haven't you any more jars or anything we can put the jam in? I wonder if Mrs Stock has a few jars she could lend us? She's awfully good-natured. It's not raining half as bad as it was' (just then a swirl of wind and rain blew in at the door and rattled the casement); 'don't you think you could just go up to the farm and ask? I'd go in a minute, if it wasn't for this jolly old foot; and I don't want Dennis and Will to meddle with my pots; they're a lot better than theirs.'

Sage got up with more alacrity than you would have expected from her listless attitude a minute before. Here was a plausible excuse for going up to the farm, an excuse she had been trying vainly to find for the last hour. A fortnight ago, no excuse would have been needed; but now Nigel's jam pots were hailed as an excellent reason for leaving the picturesque, little kitchen, where the silence had become almost intolerable, and for sallying forth into the stormy, gusty weather, to climb the windy, exposed path to the farm, and find out what had happened to alter the usual course of events in such an unaccountable way.

She reached the farm, all blown about, breathless, and dishevelled. Mrs Stock was shaking a duster at the door, and received her with loud exclamations at her venturing out on such a rough day.

'Come right away into the kitchen; and take off your cloak, and let me see if your petticoats is wet. Why ever didn't one of the chaps step up for the jars?—Bless you, I've a plenty. I'll send Bill down with a basketful on 'em.—And don't they want some apples to put along with the blackberries? It makes it a deal nicer, to my thinking, though I don't care much for it anyhow, with all them seeds getting into your teeth and teasing the very life out of you.—There; I'll just go up to the apple-room and look out a few, as I don't think Mrs Rockett had a-many on them trees of hers, and not good cookers, if she have.'

From the open kitchen door the studio door was plainly to be seen, and Sage felt sure that door would open directly Mrs Stock's very audible voice was heard; but this did not happen; and a little return of the chill of disappointment crept into her heart as she stood by the kitchen fire, while Mrs Stock went off to the apple-room with her mind absorbed in jam-pots and fruit.

The smell of tobacco smoke was reassuring, and with a sudden impulse she plucked up her courage and went across and knocked at the studio door.

'Come in,' sounded the painter's voice; and, with a very fluttering heart, she opened the door and went in.

Owen Ludlow was painting, with his back turned to the door, and an appearance of great application and absorption. There was no one else in the room.

'Is that you, Sage? Come in, my dear. What a miserable wet day for you to come out, child!

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I am improving the shining hour—not very shining is it, though?—and am trying to finish off that little bit on the beach with old Lot in his boat.—Come and see what you think of it.’

Sage crossed the room, and stood behind the painter's chair with her eyes fixed on his canvas; but I do not think she could have told what was the subject there portrayed, for, mentally, she was examining the room, which with her bodily eyes she had taken in at a glance, for reassuring signs that Maurice's absence was only temporary, and that in another moment he might be there. It struck her with a little chill that the room looked neater than it had done of late; for Maurice was one of those men who make their presence evident by a newspaper left here, a pipe there, a glove dropped on the ground, and the chairs pushed about anyhow. To be sure, an open book lay face downwards on one of the chairs, and on this her mind fixed while she stood behind the painter, who talked away more volubly than was his wont about his work, a volubility that had a touch of feverishness about it, if Sage had been alive to peculiarities of manner just then.

But at last he stopped rather abruptly, perhaps aware of how little attention his silent auditor was paying to his somewhat pedantic harangue on tone and colour; and he bent more closely to his work on the toe of Lot's boot, as if his life depended on depicting the ravages of time and sea-water on that article; and he said in an artificially careless manner: ‘Moore had to be off sooner than he intended. He went up by the 6.30 this morning. He asked me to say good-bye for him.’

There was a murmur in response that might have meant surprise or regret or interest; and the painter went on with a few remarks on the train-service from Shingle and the advantage of being able to catch the express at the junction; and she answered ‘Yes’ and ‘No,’ not always quite appropriately; and presently she turned away with a little shiver and sat down in the arm-chair where the open book lay.

A fire had been lighted in the studio, as it was damp and chilly; and the painter, who felt that little shiver, and knew that it was mental chill which induced it, pretended to attribute it to her windy, wet walk, and pushed the chair close up in front of the fire, which he stirred to a cheery blaze, and bade her sit there and roast, as he had often nipped a cold in the bud by getting very hot.

He scrupulously avoided looking at her face as he did so; and during the silent hour that ensued, he only now and then stole a glance at the girlish figure, and the little, white face with the great eyes fixed on the blaze. Surely, it was a good thing there were no more sittings needed for the picture, or else that look might have crept into the picture unawares, as the look of recognition and the look of love had come—this new look, that was so pathetically like a broken heart.

They had often had such silent times before; when Ludlow was much absorbed in his work or his thoughts, he would not scruple to be silent, and leave Sage to her own devices; and so now the girl, with that instinct common to man and brutes to hide their hurts, comforted herself with the feeling that there was nothing

remarkable in the silence, and that it was an infinite relief that Mr Ludlow was so engrossed by his picture, though she could not quite remember which it was.

And so she spent all that September afternoon in profound quiet in the soft, rainy dullness, turning the leaves of the book that had lain open on the chair, hardly noticing what book it was, only feeling that it had been left there by the hand that had held hers the night before, and that most likely would never hold hers again.

If she had noticed where it lay open, it might have given her a clue to the reason of Maurice Moore's sudden departure; but I hardly think it would have occurred to her to connect herself in any way with ‘the lily maid of Astolat,’ however ready she might have been to compare Maurice Moore with Sir Lancelot.

It was Tennyson's ‘Idylls of the King,’ and, on the story of Lancelot and Elaine, Owen Ludlow had founded his lecture to Maurice the night before.

As has been said, Maurice came in from that lingering moonlight walk with Sage with an unaccountably apologetic feeling in his mind; and one glance at the painter's face told him he was in for it; and he sat down in the chair opposite his old friend with a look of comical concern that was not entirely a joke, and said: ‘Go it, old chap; but draw it mild, and let me light my pipe first.’

But he was not prepared for the way Ludlow began, and the somewhat forced merriment died away from his face.

‘I’ve told you about my wife; haven’t I, Moore?’

Maurice nodded.

‘But I don’t think I ever told you of her baby, a little girl who, if she—had been with me now would have been just the age of this little Sage Merridew, and I sometimes think might have been not unlike her.’

‘Ah!’ Maurice said sympathetically between the puffs of his pipe.

‘It is partly this that has made me take such an interest in the little girl, and—Maurice, old man, I think I feel as much about her happiness and peace of mind as I should about my own daughter’s.’

‘You don’t suppose?’—

‘No; I don’t; but I am pretty sure that what’s play to you is deadly earnest to that poor child.’

‘Do you think I have no gentlemanly feeling?’

‘I know you have, and that is why I am speaking to you to-night, for you have quite a right to say it is no concern of mine, and that I’m a meddling old fool.’

‘Ludlow! you of all people!’

‘Yes; all right. I know you think I have a right to interfere in your concerns, because I gave you a pill and draught years ago. I don’t think I have any right on that score; but never mind; if you think so, I’ll avail myself of it, and say: “Mind what you’re about with this little girl, as you don’t mean to marry her.”’

Maurice laughed; but it was an awkward, uncomfortable laugh.

‘Upon my word, Ludlow, this is the first time I have ever had my intentions asked. Nobody

cares what the intentions of an unlucky beggar like me may be. I'm what they call a detrimental; it's only elder sons and millionaires who are supposed or permitted to have matrimonial intentions.'

'That's just it. Your marrying Sage Merri-dew is out of the question.'

'Quite. Every one must know it.'

'No; she would not. Your income—what is it? two or three hundred a year—would sound like wealth to Dr Merri-dew's daughter, who could live pretty comfortably on what you spend in gloves and button-holes.—Oh no! I know well enough it's not wealth by any means. I know, quite as well as you do, that it would be sheer madness for you with your expensive tastes to marry on that, even—if you wished it.'

Maurice was silent, pulling at his moustache rather savagely, and letting his pipe go out. It was quite true; but it was not pleasant to hear Ludlow say it.

'It would not matter a bit with one of your society girls; they are made of sterner stuff than little Sage, and can give and take and be none the worse; but with Sage it's different—it's all give, and no take; and that's a terribly losing business.'

'Well,' Maurice said impatiently, getting up and walking up and down the room, 'anyhow, there's only one more day of it, and then I shall be off, and she will forget all about me.'

'If she can.'

Then there was silence for a bit, with Maurice pacing the room, and Ludlow lying back in his chair, puffing at his pipe; but at last he said—and Maurice thought at first that he was abruptly changing the subject and perhaps wishing to have done with it: 'Maurice, do you remember the story of Elaine, that poem of Tennyson's?—Yes; I expect you do, for I used to spout it to you often enough at the ranch. I was mad about it then, and knew every line.—Well, don't you remember the father's appeal to Lancelot, when he was leaving?

Too courteous are ye, fair Sir Lancelot.  
I pray you use some rough discourtesy  
To blunt or break her passion.

It has been running in my head while you have been wearing out Mrs Stock's carpet with your perambulations.'

Then further silence and more paces, and at last Maurice said: 'Ludlow, old fellow, I think I'll go up by the early train to-morrow. There's a fellow I want to see in London.' He said it in a hurried, shamefaced way, avoiding the painter's eye, and being very busy cleaning out the stem of his pipe with a straw. 'I'll just step over to Shingle; and you can send my traps after me later in the day. All the same, I think it's a great piece of nonsense. Girls' hearts are not so brittle as you seem to imagine. Little Miss Sage will forget all about your humble servant in a few days; and some smart, young medico will turn up far more to her taste.—Well,' he added, with a very evidently simulated yawn and stretch, 'I think I'll turn in, as I shall have to be such an early bird to-morrow to catch the train, instead of the worm. Good-night and good-bye, old man.—And I say, Ludlow'—he turned with his hand on the door, and there was a very

genuine, little shake in his voice.—'I think you might spare a crumb of pity for me from all the big loaves you are lavishing on her, for, by Jove, I don't think the pain is all on her side.'

## BEEHIVE HUTS.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

IN Dr Mitchell's *The Past in the Present*, one of the series of Rhind Lectures, the author describes his amazement on visiting the island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, to find there hovels inhabited by human beings that have been generally supposed to have belonged to a prehistoric savage period of our islands. He says: 'My first visit to one of these houses was paid in 1866 in the company of Captain Thomas. They are commonly spoken of as beehive houses, but their Gaelic name is "bo'h" or "bothan." They are now only used as temporary residences or sheilings by those who herd cattle at their summer pasturage; but at a time not very remote they are believed to have been the permanent dwelling of the people. I cannot suit my present purpose better than by telling what Captain Thomas and I saw on the occasion of the visit to which I have referred. At Larach Tigh Dhùhlstail, the summer pasturage of the tenants of Crolisra, we found one of these beehive houses actually tenanted, and the family happened to be at home. It consisted of three young women. It was Sunday, and they had made their toilet with care at the burn, and had put on their printed calico gowns. None of them could speak English; but they were not illiterate, for one of them was reading a Gaelic Bible. They showed no alarm at our coming, but invited us into the "bo'h," and hospitably treated us to milk. They were courtously dignified, neither feeling nor affecting to feel embarrassment. There was no evidence of any understanding on their part that we should experience surprise at their surroundings. I confess, however, to having shown, as well as felt, the effects of the wine of astonishment. I do not know I ever came upon a scene which more surprised me, and I scarcely know where or how to begin my description of it.

'By the side of a burn we saw two small round hive-like hillocks, not much higher than a man, joined together and covered with grass and weeds. Out of the top of one of them a column of smoke slowly rose; and at its base there was a hole about three feet high and two feet wide, which seemed to lead into the interior of the hillock—its hollowness, and the possibility of its having a human creature within it, being thus suggested. The dwelling consisted of two apartments opening into each other. Though externally the two blocks looked round in their outline, and were in fact nearly so, internally the one apartment might be described as irregularly round, and the other as irregularly square. The rounder of the two was the larger, and was the dwelling-room; the squarish and smaller one was the storeroom for the milk and food. The floor-space of this last was about six feet each way. That of the other was about six feet in its shorter and nine feet in its longer diameter.

The greatest height of the living-room—in its centre, that is—was scarcely six feet. The door of communication between the two rooms was so small that we could get through it only by creeping. The creeping was only a little less real in getting through the equally tunnel-like, though somewhat wider and loftier passage, which led from the open air into the hut or dwelling-room. At the right-hand side on entering there was the fireplace. The smoke escaped at a small opening at the apex of the door. The floor was divided into two spaces by a row of curb-stones eight or more inches high. These served as seats, the only seats in the house; but they at the same time cut off the part of the floor on which the inmates slept, the bed, in short—the whole space behind the row of stones being covered with hay and rushes. In the part of the wall bounding the bed there were three niches or presses, in which, among other things, we observed a hair-comb and some newly-made cheeses.

The walls of these Beehive Huts are made of stone, undressed, laid in rude courses; and the dome is constructed by bringing the courses to overlap, till at length they are drawn together so closely all round as to leave nothing but a small hole, which may be closed at pleasure with a turf or a stone, or left open to admit light and allow the escape of smoke.

In some cases the houses are more extensive, with several chambers, all constructed in the same manner, and all domed in the same fashion, so as to resemble a series of conical hills united at their base.

But what is exceedingly interesting in the description of the Lewis houses in occupation is that they resemble precisely a number of ruined structures scattered over not Scotland only, but the moors of Devon and Cornwall as far as the Land's End, so that the description of the house in Lewis might be taken as that of one on the tract of moor that stretches from Bodmin to Camelford, or, indeed, of numerous ruined prehistoric settlements on Dartmoor. Not only so, but it inevitably reminds the reader of the internal structure of a great many cairns and tumuli for the dead. In fact, there can be very little doubt that the mansions of the dead were at one epoch made in very close resemblance to their habitations when alive, and that their habitations when alive were beehive huts.

The rude stone monuments in Scotland have been very carefully examined and planned, and among these are the sepulchral chambers in the cairns both circular and oblong. They present very much the same character, of passages leading into chambers, these chambers either roofed over by broad slabs of stone or domed by narrowing layers of stone. There are frequently small side compartments for the dead, very much as in life they may have had compartments in their beehive huts for their beds.

There are to be found in Cornwall some of these beehive huts almost as perfect as when first constructed. Originally, indeed, they were embedded in peat-banks, or walls of turf to the width of nine feet. This has in a great number of cases disappeared. It has been washed away by the rains, so that only the skeleton, so to speak, of the old house remains, the stonework

which was not originally exposed. There is, however, on the south flank of Dartmoor, on the side of the river Erme, a beehive hut that is still in great part buried in its turf case, now luxuriantly overgrown by heather. The entrance consists of two granite jambs about two feet six inches high with a granite lintel, still in place. On crawling within, the structure is seen to be precisely that of the Hebridean beehive houses. It is domed over by layers of overlapping stones.

It is the same with several under Brownwilly, the highest of the Cornish tors, and sufficiently remote from habitations not to have become a quarry for builders. The top of Brownwilly consists of a ridge with five peaks of granite; on two of these are great cairns, that have never been explored. A little way under the brow of the hill to the east, below the easternmost cairn, are two almost perfect beehive huts nestled like swallows' nests into the rocks. One joins on to the other very much like the structure in the Hebrides described by Dr Mitchell, only that the storeroom is but four feet six inches in diameter. Both are part domed and part roofed with covering slabs, and natural rocks have been utilised for one side of each.

Below Brownwilly is a solitary farm, and between the farm and the stream is a beehive hut quite perfect, even to the smoke-hole, with the stone at top covering it. This chamber is rudely square within. It is quite possible that this, like the Hebridean huts, may be of much more recent construction, may even conceivably not be more than a hundred years old. In which case in Cornwall, as in the Hebrides, the old mode of construction in use in primeval times has been blindly followed to a comparatively modern period. This is possible in Cornwall; in the Western Isles it is certain.

But not only does the description of the 'bo'h' still in use apply in its general features to the beehive huts of the west of England, but it does also in even minute particulars, such as the division of the main apartment by curbstones to form the bed. Even these stones are found—or one is much deceived in some of the remains of beehive huts on Dartmoor and in Cornwall, and without the light thrown on their significance from actual usage by Dr Mitchell, the antiquary exploring with the spade among the ruined hut circles in the west of England would be much puzzled to account for the divisions his spade encounters when making out the plan of the floor. The little lockers Dr Mitchell saw in use are also found in the prehistoric dwellings, though no longer containing cheeses and hair-combs.

These beehive huts are found in clusters, villages, almost towns of them, though rarely with their domes complete, for in probably the majority of cases they were not stone domed, but roofed over with logs or poles brought together in the centre, and covered with thatching of straw or ling.

Dr Mitchell informs us that many of the primitive cottages in the Hebrides have their roofs pulled off and renewed every year because of the value as manure of the thatching impregnated with peat-smoke and black with soot. It may have been the same with the prehistoric cottages; but certainly only here and there was one domed

over with stone, the majority were merely thatched.

That these habitations belonged originally to a people who erected megalithic monuments can hardly be questioned, as almost invariably a village of circular huts has on the hill above it cairns containing kistvaens, and very generally avenues or circles of upright stones in its neighbourhood. In many if not most cases in Devon and Cornwall, this people was a mining people and worked for tin. The settlements are generally associated with old tin stream-works. And the workings may be observed to turn round and avoid a spur of ground occupied by some of the huts. That the people were a flint-working race is also apparent from the numbers of flint weapons and chips found near these settlements. And the flint not being found near, had to be brought, and was an object of barter with the natives of the chalk and flint districts.

We do not know enough of the primitive population of the British Isles to say which was the beehive hut dwelling race. But it is certainly remarkable that in Devon and Cornwall, where not only the Cymric branch of the Celt came, but also the Gael, leaving traces in the forms of the names of places and people, that we should find houses of precisely similar construction to those still extant, and still used in the Gaelic islands in the west of Scotland.

At the same time it would be unsafe to rush to a conclusion from such coincidences. If we turn to Mr Hall's 'Life among the Esquimaux,' we find that this primitive people construct their igloos or snow-houses on a precisely similar pattern, even to the raised platform for the bed. Primitive man is much alike everywhere, and to whatever race he belongs, he seeks out the simplest form of habitation, and it is only as he advances in civilisation that he varies his type, and that he becomes impatient of the simplicity and rudeness of the habitations of his ancestors.

## THE BURDEN OF ISABEL.\*

### CHAPTER XXXIX.—OUT OF THE 'CORNER.'

WHILE Suffield pondered during the next day or two how it could be brought home to Gorgonio that the five hundred pound note which he had received from Tanderjee was his share of the Tanderjee cotton fraud—which Suffield did not for a moment doubt—a letter was on its way to him from Marseilles from his son concerning this very matter. George was returning home with both criminals; but they were all so worn with fatigue that they could not set out so soon or travel with such speed as the letter, which was mainly written to advise the arrest of Gorgonio (if possible): Tanderjee had denounced him as a participator not only in the cotton fraud, but also in the theft of the plans!

That letter reached him at a critical moment, and with it in his pocket he went to Liverpool to call on Gorgonio. It was only three days to the 31st of January, when all the cotton transactions in which Gorgonio and his son were involved must close, and when the

final reckoning must be made up according to the prices with which the month would close. He was therefore determined to make a final effort, by means of a threat, to encourage Gorgonio to get rid of most of the cotton promises at a tolerable price before the final, fatal day. When Suffield entered Gorgonio's office, the latter merely sat back in his chair and waited: their relations were too strained for the exchange of civilities.

'More than a month ago, Mr Gorgonio,' said Suffield, taking a seat, 'you received from Mr Tanderjee one of several notes for five hundred pounds, the which he had received from the bank in payment of a cheque which my son gave him: would you mind telling me why Tanderjee gave you that note?'

Gorgonio looked at his claws a moment and then at Suffield. 'Yes,' said he, 'I remember. Tanderjee gave it to me in way of business—yes; in payment of matter of business between myself and Tanderjee.'

'Will you swear, if required, that the matter of business for which Tanderjee paid was not the help you had given in his cotton fraud, and in another matter concerning my affairs which I will not name at present?'

'Who say that, Mr Suffiel?' exclaimed Gorgonio, turning a very evil colour. 'Who, Mr Suffiel, have the impudence to say such thing?'

'Tanderjee has,' answered Suffield calmly.

'Tanderjee?' Gorgonio looked about him in perplexity. 'When can Tanderjee have say that? Tanderjee is gone!'

'But he will come again!' said Suffield. 'He is on the way back now—under the charge of my son and a detective.'

'Ah—that, then, is the reason,' exclaimed Gorgonio in a burst of enlightenment, 'why Mr Suffiel, younger, go away on voyage! That is so!'

'Well, then, Mr Gorgonio, is Tanderjee a liar?—or, has he told the truth?'

'Tanderjee is liar, certainly! I will tell him he is liar, to the face—when he come!'

'Will you be prepared, when Tanderjee and the other man stand their trial, to clear your character, and give the details of the business for which Tanderjee paid you five hundred pounds?'

'I will, Mr Suffiel!'—'Pon my sacred word of honour, I will!'

'Mr Gorgonio,' Suffield broke forth at length, 'I believe you to be a creature without honour or honesty!—to be a liar and a thief! It would do me good to be able to kick you into the street, and down the street, and into the Mersey—and so out of England, which creatures like you pollute wi' your presence! But I can't afford to do that! It is my deplorable lot at present to be tied to you—sink or swim! You would be glad if I sank, I know; but—please Providence!—I don't mean to sink if I can make use of a reptile like you!—you've done badly for me in this cotton business, for your own ends, as I believe, though—God help me!—I can't prove it! But now I give you one chance to do better! There are three days left! If by the end of that time you haven't unloaded at a fair price, at least three-fourths of these responsibilities that still remain—I can't

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in reason ask you to do more than that in the time, but you know how to manage it'—

'I cannot!—no man can!—do that—I have say again and again, Mr Suffield, that you cannot unload much and not send down the price! And it is not possible to unload so much as you say in three days at any price!'

'Then,' said Suffield, 'I shall have you arrested to stand your trial with the two others! If you accomplish what I ask, I shall say no more about this!—That is my last word!'

Suffield rose to go; and there was about Gorgonio, as he leaned over the table, and, with a snarl on his lip, glared at the big Englishman over his hunched shoulder, something of the ugly, obscene suggestion of the hyena at bay in his cage—some hint of the brute's evil temper, evil colour, and bristling back.

'I will try to accomplish what you say. It is difficulty; but I will do it!'

'Very well,' said Suffield, and went.

It was a desperate task that Gorgonio had promised, under compulsion, to perform—so desperate, that he would seem to have soon determined to abandon it. For the past fortnight he had really sold much less than he had reported to Suffield that he had sold, holding on with the gambler's hope of emerging on the last day of the month in possession of a considerable 'corner,' and so of forcing up prices and reaping his profit in spite of Suffield, even if he also made—as he would make—a profit for Suffield too. But when the sturdy Suffield presented his ultimatum, he had a horrible vision of final ruin, of trial in a terrible English court, where a man cannot bribe, of imprisonment in an English jail, whence it is difficult for a man to escape: then panic seized him—as in an unforeseen emergency it often does seize the craftiest, coolest man and the most savage and courageous brute—his nerve went, and he could think of nothing but flight.

In the afternoon of the day before the last, Suffield received a telegram signed 'Gorgonio,' and demanding an immediate interview. Suffield went; but when he arrived at Gorgonio's office he found no Gorgonio. He was received by the confidential clerk of Gorgonio, who said that his master had not been in town all day, nor had sent any explanatory word; that he (the clerk) had first telegraphed to his home in the suburbs, and had then gone to it: the house was shut up, and no news of Gorgonio was to be had! The only possible conclusion was that Gorgonio had fled!

'And,' said Suffield, 'if I have driven him out of Lancashire, and perhaps out of England, I shall reckon I ha' deserved well o' my country! But he must ha' gone because this business is in a bad way.—You're an Englishman, I hope, my lad?'

'I'm a Welshman, Mr Suffield,' said the young man with a smile.

'That's the same thing, my lad. I can trust tha. Tha knows all Gorgonio's business, I suppose? Well, then, show me all this business, and help me to decide what's to be done, and thou shannot lose by it.'

So they sat down together and went through the records of all the transactions; and it became evident to Suffield that comparatively little had

been sold—that more than one hundred thousand bales of contracts still remained.

'Why, Mr Suffield,' said the young man, 'you command the market yet! If you don't sell to-morrow—if you decide to hold the corner—prices will go up, and you will make a big haul!'

For one hesitating moment a vision danced before Suffield of a profit, instead of a loss—his apparently prosperous position maintained and established instead of shrunk into something like poverty; his daughter's distinguished marriage coming to fruition instead of being perhaps blighted; and his wife's innocent ambitions fulfilled instead of thrust into the limbo of first-loves, broken promises, and wasted efforts. The dream lasted but a moment: the next he had recovered himself.

'No,' said he, 'I'll sell out! I'd rather lose half my capital than ha' it said of me I ever made a penny by cornering! Sell out, my lad; sell carefully and craftily, so as not to scare the prices—but sell!'

He decided, after a little hesitation, that there would be no advantage in his remaining in Liverpool for the last day, especially since he desired that he should not be openly identified with this business; and he left the confidential young man with the assurance that he trusted him, and the encouragement to do his best.

The record of the last day is common property: was it not written and published in all the newspapers of the principality, under the heading 'Final Collapse of the Corner?' Thus the leading Liverpool daily wrote of it: 'On the last day the opening quotation of the market was 6'15, and for the first hour it ran down and up with remarkable uncertainty till 6'10 was reached. It then became evident that many "bulls" had been riding on the back of the leading operator, in the hope that he would help the market at the close. It was remarked as strange that the leading operator, Gorgonio, had not been seen; but it was rumoured that he had been quietly selling through another. The rumour spread, and then others scrambled to get out; and the prices fell down, down till 5'16 was reached as twelve o'clock struck.'

All the while Suffield was in telegraphic communication with Liverpool. Messages came regularly, marking, as it were, the quarters of each hour, and chronicling in the most unfeeling way the fluctuation, and then the steady declension, of the prices; and at the same time a clerk was kept passing to and fro between the office and the Exchange to check the telegrams by the prices registered there. Thus the quarters passed rapidly away, until half-past eleven. At that hour Suffield left the office and went on 'Change to 'see the last of it,' as he said to himself. He walked up the noble crowded hall, and as he passed to his usual station the hubbub was hushed, and all eyes were turned on him, to observe how he was taking it. The anxiety of the past month had wrought a greater change on him than he was aware: the careless, boyish ruddiness of his cheek was gone, and his hair had become white. He was there to show that the worst would not break him, that he still meant to hold his head up among his fellows, and that if there was any man on 'Change had aught against him, he was ready to listen to his

demand; and there was more than one creditor there who had meant to descend upon him, but who, seeing him, held his hand: they were proud now to have so much personal interest in him as to have him in their debt.

About ten minutes to noon his clerk brought him a telegram reporting that the price was 5'16, and that there still remained so many bales.

'Thank God!' said he. 'It might be worse!' He lingered a few minutes longer, chatting to old acquaintances about other things than cotton; and then, when the hour struck which closed the business of the last day of the month on the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, he left his place and walked out. He had sacrificed the corner, but he had saved his business; and they all guessed it! The throng, as if involuntarily, made an avenue for him and took off their hats as he passed—an action to which he responded by taking off his own—and as he went out at the wide portal, a ringing cheer broke forth: 'Bravo, George!'

Suffield's heart was stirred within him, and reinvigorated. 'I'm turned fifty,' he said to himself, 'but I'll make my business again!—And now I'll sleep to-night!'

#### JOTTINGS ABOUT BANK-NOTES.

In the British Museum there is a very old and very rare Chinese Bank-note. It was issued in the reign of Hung-woo, the founder of the Ning dynasty, who died in 1398. The face-value of the note is about a dollar; but it is one of the only issue of paper currency ever guaranteed by the Chinese Government. (Only another similar note is said to be in existence, being in possession of the Oriental Society of St Petersburg.) Its value to native bankers and note-collectors all over China is well known. The late Governor of Hong-kong, Sir John Pope Hennessy, bought the note about twelve years ago at an auction of the effects of a deceased Captain of one of the Chinese Customs cruisers, who had amassed a large collection of Chinese coins and notes, amongst which was this Ning bank-note. The Captain had acquired it for a very considerable sum from the successors of a continental banker, who had been a collector of rare Chinese coins and bank-notes. Sir John was in the habit of leaving it for safe-keeping in the custody of the authorities of the British Museum. The note is said to answer the description of the paper which, according to Marco Polo, the Great Khan, six hundred years ago, caused 'to pass for money all over his country. What they take is a fine white bast, or skin, which lies between the wood of the trees and the thick outer bark, and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper, but black.'

Bank-notes were issued in China as early as the ninth century, when the art of printing was unknown in Europe. These notes have generally been redeemed, because in China, when a bank fails, all the clerks and managers have their heads chopped off and thrown in a heap along with the books of the firm. And so it has happened in these good old barbarous times that for the past

five hundred years not a single Chinese bank has suspended payment. Now that China is coming under the sway of Western civilisation, we have no doubt it will have the same financial troubles as its more civilised banking brethren.

Since the English one pound bank-note was abolished in 1821, a preference has arisen in England for the sovereign, although the value of the latter is often diminished by what is known as 'sweating,' by attrition, and by the tear and wear of daily use; whereas the one pound note suffers rather by violence, and its face-value, with ordinary usage, remains unimpaired. We are informed that Americans when they come to England are astonished at our use of specie in ordinary business, and express their surprise that we have not adopted the fractional currency which they find so convenient. An eminent banker remarked the other day: 'Payment in coin is, after all, the method of barbarous people; and the time may come when a man getting out of a hansom at his door will pay the driver with a small note like a postage stamp.'

Bank-notes have an individuality which gold lacks, and being easily identified when 'earmarked,' serve often as links in the chain of criminal detection. This was illustrated a few years ago during what was known as the 'turf frauds.' The complicity of several detectives in that elaborate conspiracy was discovered through a bank-note of a large denomination being presented for payment. Because of a theft of notes of a certain bank, all the notes of that denomination had been recalled from circulation, with the view of isolating the stolen notes that were outstanding. One day, a note of this description was cashed to a respectable person at a branch of the bank that had issued the notes. The banker at once informed a police official of the transaction, and said it had the name of a leading detective officer on the back of the note. The police official obtained the name, and wrote up forthwith to the metropolitan authorities on the subject. No reply came. At the end of some days, business called him to London, and he asked the chief of the department to which he had written if his letter had been received. 'What letter?' was asked. None had reached him, as it had been destroyed, to avert suspicion. A duplicate of it was at once wired for; a clue was established to the crime; and in the end a gigantic conspiracy of detectives and criminals was unravelled and exposed.

Bank-notes have curious histories attached to them in the way of human comedy, tragedy, and melodrama. A collector at Paris of such curiosities got hold, some years ago, of a five-pound Bank of England note which had somewhat of a tragic interest connected with it. Some sixty odd years ago the cashier of a Liverpool merchant had received in tender for a business payment a Bank of England note which he held up to the scrutiny of the light, so as to make sure of its genuineness. He observed some partially indistinct red marks of words traced out on the front of the note beside the lettering and on the margin. Curiosity tempted him to try to decipher the words so inscribed. With great difficulty, so faintly written were they and so much obliterated, the words were found to form the following sentence: 'If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean,

of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers.' Mr Dean, on being shown the note, lost no time in asking the Government of the day to make intercession for his brother's freedom. It appeared that for eleven long years the latter had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers, and that his family and relatives believed him to be dead. With a piece of wood he had traced in his own blood on the bank-note the message which was to procure his release. The Government aided the efforts of his brother to set him free, this being accomplished on payment of a ransom to the Dey. Unfortunately, the captive did not long enjoy his liberty, his bodily sufferings while working as a slave in Algiers having undermined his constitution.

A famous historical inscription is that which Lord Cochrane, the great seaman, penned on a one thousand pound Bank of England note which he tendered in payment of what was afterwards pronounced to be an unjust fine. He had been debarred, during his period of imprisonment, of the common privilege of taking open-air exercise in the prison-yard, to the detriment of his health. There was no alternative left him but to pay. He thus expressed himself on the back of the note: 'Gratel chamber, King's Bench Prison, July 3d 1815.—My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to Robbery to protect myself from Murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice.'—(Signed) COCHRANE.

On the 6th of August of the same year, a collection was made in the parish church of Sorn, Ayrshire, in aid of the Waterloo Fund, when thirteen guineas were received. On one of the notes then put into the box the following lines were written:

FOR THE SUFFERERS AT WATERLOO.

Yes! there were deeds of wonder done  
Round Britain's flag, to death unfurl'd:  
The chaplet torn, the laurels won,  
From bands who conquer'd half the world.

Another contribution to bank-note literature is found in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott.' Lady Louisa Stuart sent the great novelist a copy of some lines which were also written on a guinea note, then in possession of Lady Douglas. They were as follows:

Farewell! my note, and wheresoe'er ye wend,  
Shun gaudy scenes, and be the poor man's friend.  
You've left a poor man; go to one as poor,  
And drive despair and hunger from his door.

Sir Walter expressed himself as very much pleased with these lines. Their sentiment seems to have struck a congenial chord in his benevolent breast, for he added: 'I think it will give the author great delight to know that his lines had attracted attention, and had sent the paper on which they were recorded, heaven-directed to the poor.'

Robert Burns knew the value of Scotch notes. In a letter to Mr M'Murdo, dated December 1793, he says: 'But for these dirty dog-eared little pages,' &c. This, unfortunately indicated what was the poet's normal pecuniary condition. When thinking to leave for Jamaica in 1780, he penned the following lines on the back of a

guinea note of the Bank of Scotland, which had then as now a branch in Dumfries:

Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!  
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!

For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,  
Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.

Happily for Scotch poesy, Burns did not go to the West Indies, but remained at home to pour out the treasures of his muse.

The 'leaf' on which Burns wrote this inscription was a one pound note of the Bank of Scotland issue of 1st March 1780, as Scott Douglas states in his edition of the poet's works. The lines are believed from their internal marks to have been written about August 1786, and they appear to have been first printed in the 'Morning Chronicle' of 27th May 1814, being subsequently transferred to the 'Scots Magazine' in the following September.

There is a great deal of writing on bank-notes which is mainly the product of the love of scribbling possessed by a good many persons. Much of it is ridiculous rhyme unworthy of repetition; but occasionally it is smart and apposite to the purpose of bank-notes. A sample or two of such writings may be given. On a pound note appeared the following:

Ye ugly, dirty, little scrap!  
To look at, hardly worth a rap;  
And yet I'll give my hearty vote  
None can produce a sweeter note.

Another inscription is:

It's odd that any man should wish  
A dirty, scabbit rag like this;  
Yet mony a nee would cut a caper  
To get a wheen sic bits o' paper.

This other quotation contains a blend of sentiment and pessimistic reflection:

Ye're my ain, ye're my ain,  
And to keep ye, I'd be fain;  
But the poor man can never keep his cash;  
For 'twill gang, quickly gang,  
Like an easy-goin' sang,  
Let ye be however carefu' or rash.

Oh! money's no the thing for the poor man to keep;  
Oh! little's the interest that the poor man's cash can reap;  
It maun gang to fill the coffers o' the rich and the great;  
And I, like a' the rest, must quietly bow to fate.

When bank-notes are presented for payment in a defective condition, from whatever cause, it is the practice of some banks to pay according to the proportion of the note which is presented. Thus, if four-fifths of a one-pound note were tendered to a bank, it would pay sixteen shillings to the owner; and if two-thirds of a five-pound note were offered, the bank would give the owner three pounds six shillings and eightpence only. Other banks are in the habit of paying the amount claimed, or nothing at all. In every case, an affidavit must be subscribed before a justice of the peace in support of each claim, which must contain a narrative of the circumstances attending the partial or, as sometimes happens, the complete destruction of the note. In the latter case, the bank when it makes payment always insists on a guarantee.

As may be supposed, the greatest amount of

claims in connection with the destruction of notes arises in Scotland after the New-year's holidays and convivial seasons generally. Pipe-lighting is the commonest form of destruction, notes especially for one pound being stowed away in any pocket handy and used as if they were mere match-paper. These notes get torn in domestic brawls, are snatched at by thieves, and occasionally thrown into the fire, to be hurriedly extricated from the flames. Dogs, cattle, sheep, and cats chew them. Landladies have been known to wash their lodger's garments containing notes, reducing them in the process to a sad state of pulp. Hens have pecked at them, pigs have gulped them, mice have nibbled them, and even jackdaws have stolen them to coat their nests. Notes indeed are liable to many vicissitudes, being wholly at the mercy of their owners. In the north of Scotland, most claims arise from fishermen, whose bank-notes suffer from the varied incidents which take place in the pursuit of so perilous a calling.

Bank-notes have not now so long an existence as formerly. When Bank of England notes re-enter the portals of the Bank of England, they never return into circulation, it not being the practice of the Bank of England to issue them a second time. If notes are stopped payment at the Bank of England, it must be done under a guarantee, which usually takes the form of an assignment of Government stock in security to the Bank of England, and is of the value of the notes stopped. There is a story which goes so far back as the year 1740, and it is to the effect that a director of the Bank of England of that day lost a bank-note for thirty thousand pounds. It was said to have been carried by a draught of air up the chimney, where it lodged in an out-of-the-way crevice. Its fate was not known at the time to the director, who supposed it destroyed, for he made a successful claim on the Bank for the amount. Years afterwards, when the building was being dismantled, the masons engaged in taking to pieces the chimney discovered the note in question. The Bank had to pay the value of the note again on its presentation by the heirs of the deceased director, for the latter had come under no obligation to indemnify the bank in the event of the missing bank-note making its appearance.

The Scotch bank-notes in circulation are not nearly so dirty as they used to be. The great majority of the notes have an existence of from one to two years, and many of them much less. They are withdrawn from circulation whenever their external appearance is unsatisfactory, and are consigned to the flames, the close retort being most commonly used in their destruction. Several banks have big occasional burnings; while others have numerous burnings for smaller amounts.

The life of a Bank of France note is about two years, it being issued so long as it is usable. In the matter of destroying their notes set apart for cancellation, a new departure has been made by the Bank of France. The former practice was to incarcerate their doomed notes for three years in a large oak chest before submitting them to conflagration. Thereupon, a huge fire was set aflame in an open court; the notes were thrown into a sort of revolving wire-cage, which was kept rotating over the fire; and the minute

particles of note-ash escaped into the air through the meshes of the cage and darkened the atmosphere all around. The burnings took place daily, and were of a certain amount. Now, the practice is to have about twenty cancellations of notes each year, at uncertain times, and as the needs of the service determine. A hole is punched in each of the notes, which are also stamped as follows: 'Cancelled the \_\_\_\_\_ by the branch at \_\_\_\_\_, or the Head Office of the Bank of France.' The notes are then marked off in the registers of Bank Notes Issued, according to their numbers and descriptions. A Committee of the Bank directors are present at their destruction. The cancelled notes are no longer burned, but are now reduced into pulp by means of chemical agents. Each destruction of notes averages about six hundred thousand of all kinds; and about twelve million notes are annually destroyed. The Bank of France has been little troubled of late with forgeries. The greatest forger it ever had was deported to Cayenne, and in attempting to escape, got stuck in a swamp, and was eaten to death by crabs.

Like the Bank of France, the Imperial Bank of Germany has no set time for destroying its notes. It only does so when a stock of cancelled notes has accumulated in its hands. These notes have a hole punched out of them. The agency employed in their destruction is fire, a close furnace being used, so that the possibility of any particles of burnt notes making their escape therefrom may be put beyond a doubt. The notes are placed in this furnace beside some lighted straw, which sets the notes aflame. No fuel, whether of coal or wood, is used, the notes, fanned by a current of air, maintaining their own fire, and burning until they are wholly consumed. The economy of this arrangement may be noted. The Imperial Bank of Germany has burned 10,355,364 notes within the last ten years, and of the following denominations: 686,460 notes of one thousand marks (£50); 517,030 notes of five hundred marks (£25); and 9,151,874 notes of one hundred marks (£5).

With the Bank of England, the destruction of its notes takes place about once a week and at seven P.M. It used to be done in the daytime, but made such a smell that the neighbouring stockbrokers petitioned the Governors to do it in the evening. The notes are previously cancelled by punching a hole through the amount (in figures) and tearing off the signature of the chief cashier. The notes are burned in a closed furnace, and the only agency employed is shavings and bundles of wood. They used to be burnt in a cage, the result of which was that once a week the City was darkened with burnt fragments of notes. For future purposes of reference, the notes are left for five years before being burned.

The number of notes coming in to the Bank of England every day is about fifty thousand; and three hundred and fifty thousand are destroyed every week, or something like eighteen millions every year.

The stock of paid notes for five years is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach two and one-third miles. If the notes were placed in a pile, they would reach to a height of five and two-third miles; or if joined end to end,



would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long. Their superficial extent is rather less than that of Hyde Park; their original value was over £1,750,626,600; and their weight over ninety and two-third tons.

## THE CAMERA-OBSCURA.

### CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

I LEFT the little wooden house wondering what was best to be done. Should I go straight to Helston or Falmouth for help, and bring a strong body of men direct to the underground cave? Or should I arrange matters so that the Nanjulians might be caught in the midst of their spoil? The latter course seemed most desirable to me. I remembered the sneers and sly laughter which had so often greeted my approach when they thought I had been engaged in watching their movements. I had gone home with tingling ears many a time when they had laughed at me in this way, and had comforted myself at such times by thinking that I should ultimately have the laugh at them. That time was come at last. Was it likely I would let the opportunity slip?

I made a hasty adieu to Bertha and her father, and went along the cliffs in the direction of Porthlock. My first intention was to proceed to Falmouth and get sufficient help for that night's work; but, as I thought the matter over, I decided not to do anything hasty. I wanted to win as much glory and credit by the affair as I possibly could, and it seemed to me that I had better exercise some ingenuity. For example, I was not yet certain that I had hit upon the right track. The cavern under the rock might not conceal the contraband goods of the Nanjulian tribe. To be sure I had no doubt about it in my own mind; but it would be as well to make the certainty absolute. If only I could get inside that cave and see for myself what its contents were, my doubts would be set at rest. But how to do it?

I went along the cliffs until I was exactly above the Six Sisters. There was not a soul in sight just there. Far away, nearly at Porthlock, I saw a black speck going along the level sands, which I believed to be the Nanjulian who had spread the sand over the trap-door after his brothers had gone into the cave. That seemed to indicate a long stay in the cavern. It would perhaps be advisable for me to hide myself, and watch for some one coming to release the men. Sooner or later, they would have to come out. When they were once away, I might find a chance of investigating their hiding-place.

I always carried food in my pocket, never knowing how long I might be kept out of the reach of my usual meals. I was therefore prepared to spend a long day watching the rock below. I went cautiously down the face of the cliff, and found a hiding-place where it was impossible for any one to see me, either from the cliffs above or from the sands beneath. Into this I crept, and fortified my mind for a long vigil by thinking what a fine thing this capture would turn out for me.

The day passed on slowly, more slowly, I think, than any day I ever remember. Morning

went, afternoon passed, and the winter evening soon came. I began to feel cold and numbed, though I had my thickest clothing on. I could now only just see the rock. The tide was nearly at its height, and four of the Six Sisters were almost submerged. Then, with an anathema on my own stupidity, I saw that it was impossible for any one to reach the fifth and sixth rocks by way of the shore. The tide made that impracticable. The men in the cave, then, would have to remain there until low tide, unless they had some means of letting themselves out. I hardly saw how they could do that, however. It did not seem possible for them to raise the trap-door from below. I left my hiding-place and went up the cliffs again. The moon had come out, and as the night was sharp and clear, there was a good view of any object on the headlands. At a little distance stood old Mother Trethewy's cottage, a solitary ramshackle old hut, in which no one but herself would have lived. She, however, being half-witch, half-ghoul, liked it probably from kindred feeling for aught that was weird and eerie.

There was a bright light in Mother Trethewy's window, which suggested heat, and consequent warmth. I thought it would do me no harm to spend a few minutes before the old woman's fire, and I went up to the door and knocked. She came to answer the summons with alacrity, and I fancied that she was rather disappointed on seeing my face.

'Let me come in and warm myself a moment, Mother,' I said, stepping across the threshold. 'It's terribly cold to-night on the headlands.'

'You're welcome,' she croaked, eyeing me, however, with anything but welcoming glances. —'Aw, 'tis terrible weather for a poor old woman like me.'

'Well, you've got a grand fire anyway, Mother.'

'It be driftwood, driftwood, just driftwood. A weary climb I do have many a day in summer to bring un up from the beach below.'

I sat down on a stool in front of the fire and spread out my hands to the blaze. The ancient crone sat down in her chair by the hearthstone and watched me. I tried to make her talk; but she was evidently not inclined to hold conversation with me. She kept glancing at me out of her wicked old eyes, as if I disturbed her.

'You've a nice quiet place here, Mother,' I said. 'No disturbing voices or anything to bother you. You'—

Just then a strange sound seemed to come from beneath my very feet. It was like somebody striking two or three blows with a heavy hammer under the floor of the cottage. I looked at the old woman in astonishment. She was obviously very ill at ease.

'What's that?' I said. 'I heard a sound.'

'A deal o' quare sounds there is here,' she croaked. 'They do say the place be haunted; but ne'er a sperrit have I seen. What wif sounds and cockroaches, I do be pestered a'most to death. They cockroaches—there, that's the sixth I ha' killed to-night.'

She caught up a heavy poker and brought the point down with considerable force on a black speck on the hearthstone which might have been either a cockroach or a cinder. She was evidently

not satisfied with one blow, for she delivered one, two, three on the unfortunate object of her resentment, each resounding sharply from the hard stone. This done, she poked the ashes over the crushed speck.

'Well, I'm pretty warm now, Mother Trethewy,' I said; and bidding her good-night, left the cottage and went away along the cliff. Turning round, I saw her watching me from the doorway. I kept on my path.

But I did not intend to go far. Two matters had set me thinking. What did that dull knocking under my feet mean, and why did Mother Trethewy answer it as she did with three hard taps of her poker? Did it not mean that there was some one under the cottage who wanted to get out, and that Mother Trethewy had signalled to him, or them, that the coast was not clear? A third matter seemed to hold some relation to the other two. In one corner of the cottage stood a strong crowbar. What did an old woman like that want with a crowbar? It might have been left there by her dead husband—true! but it had been recently and constantly used, for the point was bright.

I went along the cliffs until a turn hid me from the cottage, and then I doubled, and went back to a point from which I commanded Mother Trethewy's door. I waited there, secured from observation, for nearly half an hour. At last the door opened and four men came out. They passed close by me, going towards Porthlock, and I recognised them as Matthew, Simon, Cleophas, and Pharaoh Nanjulian.

So at last, thanks to chance, I had come across the Nanjulians' secret. Underneath my feet lay their cave, with its sea-entrance at the Six Sisters, and its land exit in Mother Trethewy's cottage. I went homewards in good spirits. I would find my way into that cave and examine its contents for myself. That done, a raid should be made on the whole gang.

I occupied myself for hours that night in wondering how I could get into the cave. If I had not been so young and hasty, I should have sought superior counsel. As it was, I wanted to keep the matter all to myself, so that I might have all the glory and credit. My feeling was that I would not share the honour with a second party. It did not strike me that two heads are always better than one.

How to get into the cave unaided?—that was the question. I went to sleep thinking about it, and fell to thinking again as soon as I woke in the morning. Standing on the quay-side during the forenoon, I saw the Nanjulians, one and all, man their boats and go out to sea with several other Porthlock craft in company. I knew then that they would be away all day, and made up my mind to enter the cave in their absence.

At last a thought struck me: I must trick old Mother Trethewy. I must get her out of her cottage for some hours, and make use of the entrance, which I had no doubt I should find in the floor. A capital ruse soon occurred to me. The old woman sometimes went out nursing or laying-out dead bodies. I would send her a message telling her to go over to St Mirions, a village three miles inland, there to lay-out a fictitious person. She would go quickly enough, I knew, if there was promise of money.

There was a lad in Porthlock who had taken a great fancy to me, a lad who was somewhat of a harum-scarum type, and never up to anything but lurking and loafing round the quay-pool. I resolved to press young Nick Perran into my service. It was rather a scurvy trick to play on the old woman, but in dealing with rogues it is sometimes unavoidable to destroy them with their own weapons.

I found Nick Perran readily enough, and was soon walking with him in the direction of Mother Trethewy's cottage. He was delighted at the prospect of doing anything for me, and I had soon instructed him in his part. He was to knock at the door and tell Mrs Trethewy that she was wanted at the 'King George' inn at St Mirions to lay-out the body of a traveller who had died there suddenly. He was to give her five shillings, and say that fifteen more would be paid, her when the work was done. When he had delivered his message, he was to go straight home to Porthlock.

I hid myself behind a conveniently placed rock while Nick advanced to Mother Trethewy's door. She soon answered Nick's summons, received message and money, and, judging from her nods and motions, promised him to go at once. The lad set off again in the direction of Porthlock; and within ten minutes more the old woman came out of her cottage carrying her basket. She locked the door behind her and set off over the headlands towards St Mirions.

I watched Mother Trethewy safely away. When she was a small speck in the distance, I went round to the rear of her cottage and looked about me for some easy entrance. There was a small window there, which I easily unfasted. In another minute I was inside the little living-room, looking round for a likely spot on the floor. I went into a tiny shed opening out of the house and found there a collection of ropes and pulleys. These were doubtless used for hauling goods out of the cave below. Two or three lanterns hung on the wall near, and these I found on inspection to be newly trimmed. I had brought one of my own with me, however, and with it a revolver, which I thought might prove equally useful.

A careful inspection of the floor showed me a mark on the stones close to the earth where a crowbar had been used. Mother Trethewy's crowbar still stood in its corner. I laid hold of it and inserted the point at the spot indicated. The flag came up easily enough, revealing a dark cavern underneath. Turning the light of my lantern over this, I saw a flight of steps, apparently cut out of the rock, leading downwards. The air came up through the cavity, cold and damp.

I was fairly in for it now, and I dropped through the hatchway and went cautiously down the steps. The lantern, strapped to my waist, threw its dim light on shiny, damp walls, through which the brine was oozing. I counted the steps until they numbered fifty-two. Then came a passage, the floor of which sloped away at a rather quick rate. This, too, had been excavated through a soft bed of rock. It continued for nearly twenty yards, and then opened into a cave which I at once saw to be of natural formation. Standing in the middle of this, I tried in

vain to get an idea of its height. It towered above my head so much that I could not see the roof. The floor at my feet, however, seemed trodden into a path, and following this, I came to another passage, some fifteen yards in length, which finally emerged in a second cave, evidently of greater extent than the first. As I stepped into this, the faint booming of the sea met my ears. It was into this cave, then, that the entrance from the beach must lead.

I freshened the wick of my lantern and began to examine the cave carefully. I had been right in my conjecture—the Nanjulians' stores were accumulated here. The nooks and crannies were packed with them. Casks, bales, tubs, boxes, were piled one on another, carefully assorted and arranged. One corner sent forth a smell of spirits, another of tobacco. There must have been many a boat-load in that cave. Here and there I found goods literally rotting with old age and mould. Bales of foreign goods, silks, cloths, the contents green with mould, lay thrown about in prodigal confusion. I noticed, however, that in the dryer part of the cave, where the spirits and tobacco were stowed, there had been good care taken to preserve the stock.

Round and round and in and about that cave I went for nearly an hour examining and calculating. There would be a rich haul for us when we made the seizure. I should certainly get promoted and rewarded too. I began to build castles in the air. I would marry Bertha Penruddock, and live in a little house which I had taken a great fancy for. We—

'Stand!' cried a voice, so close to me that I felt the man's hot breath on my cheek. I paused on the instant, and looking through the gloom, saw right before me the evil face of Pharaoh Nanjulian. He stood immediately opposite me, not two yards away, his right hand raised, and pointing a revolver full at my head. There was murder in his eyes; and a great wave came up in my heart as I realised how entirely I was at his mercy.

'If so be as you move a finger, co'sguard, I fire,' said Pharaoh Nanjulian. 'Move you back agin that wall.'

I obeyed, hardly knowing what I did. He followed me, keeping the pistol upon me, until he could touch me. 'Give me the lantern,' He took it out of my hand, and set it on the floor at his side, never turning eye or hand as he did so. The barrel of the pistol looked straight into my face, and the hand that held it never trembled or flinched.

'Now,' said Pharaoh, 'I'll make so bold as to tell 'ee, Master Walsh, what I think. You're acquainted with our little hiding-place, it seems. But wun't go out of un; no, not unless I like. What say 'ee to a bargain, co'sguard? Do you promise faithful to gi' up courtin' my girl and not to say nothing about the cave, and you shall have your life? Don't waste no time in thinking 'bout it, co'sguard. If you say "No," then I shoots, and your brains goes spatter agin the rock.'

Staring straight beyond him, my eyes saw a strange sight. A face, white, startled, full of excitement, came out of the gloom—the face of the boy, Nick Perran. He stole softly up behind Pharaoh Nanjulian, his naked feet making no

sound on the dry sand. His eyes stared straight at Pharaoh's head; his hands clutched Mother Trethewy's crowbar. He swung it up noiselessly for the blow—one, two, three—

'Don't waste no time, co'sguard,' said Pharaoh. Crash! Bang! The great crowbar came down, and at the same instant the pistol exploded with a voice that woke a thousand horrible echoes. The bullet whizzed past my ear and flattened itself against the rock behind.

'Ah! ah! ah!' screamed Nick Perran, almost frantic in his excitement. 'Quick, Master Walsh, and bind him up. Quick, before he comes to his senses.'

But there was small fear of Pharaoh Nanjulian coming to his senses just then. The crowbar had knocked all his wits out of him. Nevertheless, we secured his hands and feet, and having made his head comfortable, hastened out of the cave as fast as possible. On the way to Porthlock, Nick told me how he chanced to come up at the nick of time. Going along the headlands close to the town, he met Pharaoh, and seeing that he was making for the cottage, followed him at a safe distance. Looking in at the window, he saw Pharaoh descend into the cave. Then Nick saw possible danger for me, and made after the smuggler.

Well, I got a big force together that day and made a seizure, Pharaoh Nanjulian included. The other Nanjulians got wind of what had happened as they came in at night, and made off, nor were they seen at Porthlock again for many a day. I got my promotion, and married Bertha; and we both attributed our great happiness, first, to the camera-obscura, from which I got the important clue; and second, to Nick Perran, who saved my life.

## SENTRY-GO!

THE foregoing is the cry that authoritatively rings out every two hours from the sentry's post on all military guards, informing the occupants of the guardroom and vicinity in general, and the next man for sentry in particular, that the hour has arrived for relieving sentries.

Military guards are of twenty-four hours' duration, the men mounting guard at ten A.M., and remaining on till relieved at the same hour on the next day. Guards relieve each other thus: on the approach of the new guard, the sentry outside the guardroom door calls, 'Guard, turn out!' at which summons the old guard hurry out and fall in, with shouldered arms. The new guard is formed up facing them, and compliments are exchanged by the guards presenting arms to each other. The new guard is then numbered and told off by its commander, three men being allowed for each post of sentry duty, and numbered one, two, and three, in which order they are taken for duty. This allows each man four hours between every two hours on sentry.

When all the sentries are changed, and the guard premises duly handed over to the new commander, the old guard march away to their quarters, receiving the parting compliment of a 'present' from their comrades in arms; and the latter are then dismissed to the guardroom. When off sentry, the men sit about in the guard-

house—or outside, if the weather be fine—smoking, reading, or spinning yarns to each other.

During the time they are on duty, guards are visited by officers of different standing, termed 'Grand rounds' and 'Visiting rounds.' The latter is a duty performed by a regimental officer, whose instructions are, to visit the barrack guard once by day and once by night. At his approach, the sentry turns the guard out, and the men stand with shouldered arms for inspection, the commander of the guard reporting if correct or otherwise, after which the men are dismissed. The officer also examines the sentries, to see if they are well informed as to the orders of their posts.

'Grand rounds' is a duty performed by field-officers, taken in turn from the majors and lieutenant-colonels of the garrison. A little more ceremony appertains to these visits, the guard presenting arms on the approach of the officer. At night, there is usually a countersign, which has to be correctly given before the officer is permitted to approach the guard; and ludicrous scenes occur sometimes in consequence of the visiting officer having allowed the countersign to slip his memory.

On some guards—at large convict establishments, for example—the orders for sentries in reference to the countersign are very strict. They are to allow no one to come within a certain distance, unless the countersign is given up; and if it cannot be elicited who the wanderer may be, the guard is to be at once alarmed. On these duties, each sentry is furnished with ball-ammunition, in case of emergency. There is a chain of sentries around such buildings as convict prisons, magazines, &c., and during the night the word is passed from one to the other, in a loud voice, 'Twelve o'clock, and all's well;' and so on at the expiration of every hour.

All sentries challenge persons approaching their posts after ten P.M., the ordinary form, when there is no countersign, being, 'Halt! who comes there?' to which the individual challenged replies, or should reply, 'Friend.' The sentry then says, 'Pass, friend;' and when he sees that everything is correct, 'All's well.'

Certain compliments have to be paid by guards and sentries, in accordance with regulation. When any officer below the rank of major—or the corresponding rank in the navy—passes his post, the sentry stands at 'attention,' with shouldered arms; to majors and officers of higher rank, he will present arms. To the officer commanding a regiment or detachment, the barrack guard is turned out once a day, and all guards turn out to general officers in uniform. On the approach of an armed party, the sentry turns out the guard, who stand at the 'present' if it is a battalion of infantry or similar body of troops; with shouldered arms to companies and other small parties.

To all members of the royal family, arms are presented, much amusement and wonder often being caused to the uninitiated by the sight of a sentry performing some mystic evolution of his rifle to a child in a perambulator or go-cart.

Officers of any recognised foreign service are paid the compliments prescribed for those of the British services. No compliments are paid after 'retreat' has sounded—at sunset—except that the guard turns out to armed parties and to visiting officers.

Prisoners are confined in guardrooms when drunk or riotous, awaiting trial, &c., the commander of the guard and the sentry on the guardroom door being responsible for their safe custody. In the event of a prisoner making his escape, the non-commissioned officer and men responsible are tried by court-martial, and severely punished for the neglect of duty.

In addition to the greatcoat and cape which are issued to every soldier, and invariably taken on guard, 'watchcoats' are provided for the use of sentries during the cold season. The sentry-box is for the shelter of the sentry during inclement weather, but often proves a poor protection in a violent storm, especially if it be beating in the direction of the opening. In thunder-storms, sentries may remove their bayonets, or other parts of their arms and equipment likely to attract the lightning.

To sleep on his post is a serious offence for a sentry, and when men are detected in this irregularity, they are usually severely punished.

Guard-mounting parade is the strictest inspection parade of the day. The dress worn is generally 'marching-order;' and the guards are inspected by the adjutant and sergeant-major, who minutely examine every detail of the clothing and equipment of the men going on guard.

Guard-duty is done in turn, by a roster—that is, a military register—throughout each regiment, and, to encourage cleanliness, it is customary in many corps to detail one man more than is required. When the inspection is taking place, the adjutant notices the man whose general turn-out is the cleanest, and this man does not go on guard, but returns to his quarters, gets rid of his rifle and equipment, and is employed at one of the regimental offices as an orderly, till guard-mounting hour on the following day. Instead of patrolling a sentry's post, he gets his 'night-in-bed,' and a guard is marked to him as though he had actually performed it. Tommy Atkins terms this 'getting the stick,' as the orderlies are equipped with a stick or cane in place of a rifle.

On the day of dismounting guard, the men perform no further parade or duty, finding for a few hours plenty of occupation in thoroughly cleaning straps and accoutrements, especially if they have been favoured with wet weather.

#### P E A C E.

THE wandering winds are silent on the sea,  
That sleeps in sunlight, smiling in its sleep:  
No wavelet stirs the bosom of the Deep:  
No cloudlet mars the blue immensity;  
And yet anon the storm will hither haste,  
And lash to wrath with mighty arm the main,  
And dash the azure black with wintry rain,  
And wildly rave across the watery waste.  
There is no staying peace in outward things,  
Yet through them ever moves the moulding Will,  
From silence into silence touching still  
The lyre of Nature with its twanging strings.  
Thou art a part of the eternal whole;  
Live thou true life in restfulness of soul.

J. J. HALDANE BURGESS.

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